## AT THE PISTOL'S POIN

(Continued from Last Sunday's Times.) SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Dr. Arnold Stagg, of New York, while visiting his cousin, James Stagg, of Utica, district attorney of Oneida county, rides into the county and is forced to marry Beatrice Forrest at the pistol's point by her uncles, who believed she was eloping with him. He learns her father is serving a life sentence for murder, and while he tells his cousin of his forced marriage, word is received that the girl's father has escaped. Dr. Stagg decides to protect the girl and goes to Parson Lee, her uncle, the one who forced him to marry her, for a certificate. While there some one shoots the parson and Dr. Stagg is locked up, suspected of the shooting. Later the parson recovers and says the man who shot him was attempting to shoot Dr. Stagg. The parson's statement exonerates Dr. Stagg, and the detectives set to work to find a clue to the man who shot Parson Lee. Forrest, Beatrice's father, is mentioned, also Firfin, the man with whom Beatrice was supposed to be in love when she was forced to marry Dr. Stagg.

CHAPTER VIL. (Continued)

man who must give us some information on that subject."

That is a good theory," observed the

The chief spoke shortly and to the brother's life.

"Certainly not. But the fact remains that some one fired a revolver and hit your brother. Dr. Stagg has been extypour brother. Dr. Stagg has been extypour brother. The question the assassin was, it is certain he rode the assassin was, it is certain he rode the assassin was, it is certain he rode.

ing the mighty problem carefully, "that the shot must have been fired at Stage. "We must not remain the stage of the may have made enemies as Fire." He may have made enemies as Firfin, you know.

'But I have not used the name of I retorted, angrily. sist on that, and you are wrong."
"Well," said John, helplessly, "who is Firfin, then? None of us ever saw James Lee.

the man. "I'm sure I don't know."

"Forrest?

John Lee and James Lee stared. "Forrest! You don't mean Bob?" cried John. "He is in Auburn prison." "Unfortunately, he is not," said my usin. "He escaped."

"Then the whole thing is plain!" ex-"Then the whole thing is plain. explaimed John Lee, slapping his knee with the palm of his right hand. "Why, it is as clear as a June morning. Robert Forrest fired that shot."

We found the proprietor of the hotel a genial individual, and he was appeared to the proprietor of the hotel and the hotel and the hotel and the proprietor of the hotel and the ho

But why at Stagg? He did not know

John Lee looked at me and then at the district attorney, as if comparing our appearance.

"You don't look much alike," he said.
"I did think that Forrest, holding a grudge against the attorney who controlled him, had fired at you under the victed him and the

"Forrest could have had no reason to that he mistook the doctor for the law-My own impression is that if Forrest fired the shot he fired at Lee.'

ness at his trial," put in my cousin "By Jove! I've got it! James Stags was not thought of. James Lee was the is going on?" man whose testimony sent Forrest to prison. If Forrest fired that shot, he not wish to be known. fired at Stagg, thinking he was James It was a natural mistake. It he give? was in the parson's library. The man might have come here for the purpose man. shooting James Lee. Creeping up to the window he saw the parson engaged here and Paris Hill." nversation with a young man. He

fired, thinking it was the parson's son." "Gentlemen," I said, "these theories are all very pretty, but they won't work. In the first place, I don't believe I was the man shot at. In the second place, it closely. I don't believe Robert Forrest was the with my cousin that he went West. I "Sometimes." said him in Pawmuc church, and know that Beatrice went away with him. prison, came here to meet his daughter. and planned to go far away and begin life anew, he would not risk his chance by committing a murder.

"He did it once," said James Lee. "I am not so sure of that. Had it not been for your father's words I would undoubtedly have been tried and perhaps convicted on circumstantial evi- tween here and Paris Hill," said James dence. But we are not just now con-cerned with that. The thing is, that if Forrest did not fire the shot, some enemy of your father must have done it."

'Or yours," put in my cousin 'We are overlooking certain facts,' interposed the chief. "Let me ask you, church that would show you to be conted with the district attorney

'Yes; Beatrice called to her father and said I was James Stagg's cousin." "So. And you were married to Beatrice against your will and hers. Might

not like?" "I tell you Forrest was not in this

part of the country," said James posi-tively. "My own opinion is that Beatrice went away with this Firfin, whoever he

"That's a plausible theory, too," said the chief, "and it lends itself to theorizing better. If it was Firfin whom she was to meet, and whom she loved, it Lee. might have been Firfin who came here to do the shooting. He might have been actuated by a desire to rid Beatrice of a husband, so that he could

riage annulled at once." "But you didn't."

turn out. Suppose, Stagg, that you are

CHAPTER VII—(Continued.)

"I am inclined to agree with you. The shot must have been fired at Lee. But by whom? Who had any reason to shoot him? I think John Lee is the man who must give us some information. The short must give us some information of the doctor. He sees Stagg come here, and recognizes him from the bay horse, which almost everybody knows as belonging to James Stagg. He fires in man who must give us some information.

The chief spoke shortly and to the point. John Lee started as if he had been accused of the attempt on his make his escape." "Have it your own way," said my ousin. "I am sure that Forrest was

"I? Oh, I know nothing about it."
he said, the purplish color showing a little in his face. "Do you suspect me?"
"Certainly not. But the fact remains the man who took the girl away she undoubtedly went with this Firm."

onerated by the parson. The question is, was it the parson or the doctor who is, was it the parson or the doctor who is, was it the parson or the doctor who is, was it the parson or the doctor who is, was it the parson or the doctor who is, was it the parson or the doctor who is, was it the parson. The question the assassin was, it is away on Stagg's horse."

He shook hands with me again, and following by the village con-

cousin. "We have work to do as well ous are they of their own authority might have thrown it away." as the police. I think the first thing we should do is to try to learn some-"You in-thing about this Firfin. Who knows ag." him: Where was he stopping?"

stopping at the New Hartford Hotel." "Had you ever seen him with your

"We don't seem to be getting on, said the chief. "Remember that time is valuable just now. The constable is valuable just now. The constable "No! Or I'd—," began James Lee. Then he paused.
"Well, the whole thing is the deepest will be aver tackled," said my

about Firfin." My cousin, James Lee, and I started.

John Lee remained with the parson. The New Hartford Hotel was a wooden building standing on Genesee Street, opposite the row of stores that enjoyed the high sounding title of Exchange Place. The usual wooden drinking trough

parently smitten with a sort of paraly-

ssion that it was James."

mes Lee?"

James Stagg."

I smiled as I thought of the quiet and secret act of racing me, bound with cords, along the principal street of central states. "I'd like to know the truth about one thing," he said, without giving me and secret act of racing me, bound with cords, along the principal street of central states. "I'd like to know how many still Beatrice and secret act of racing me, bound with secret act of r James, "but I tell you Forrest has been traced the other way. He went West tral New York in Lee's wagon.

prise to me, gentlemen. Thomas Firfin | The following day was a busy one came here about a month ago. He had for the detectives. They had Robert | Thomas Firfin | been here once before. But only for a Forrest to find, and also the man who of Dr. Stagg, and it is not likely been here about a month ago. He had been here once before. But only for a Forrest to find, and also the man who day or two.'

"Why did he come here? What busi- are no arrest was made.

Why-why-Firfin-that is-Firfin did my turn would come. "Just so. But why? What reason did

"Why-why-he was a secret service an. He was on the lay for a suspected illicit distillery somewhere between

'Huh! An illicit still, eh? Then he told you he was a detective. "Secret service man, he called it." "Ever see his badge?"

"He had a badge. I never looked at bingly, as I reached for it. What manner of looking man was Golden followed the clue of the man

"Sometimes," said the hotel man, cautiously.

around here?" scheme. Had the still in a cave some-

where. a quart bottle of whisky anywhere be-

glens," I remarked. "I've discovered some splendid sites of that sort. There is that ravine you call Crystal Glen. sat staring at James. The thrall of hor-Then Sylvan Glen. Oh, a cave is easily ror was upon me. What new devilment

What kind of a beard did he wee! asked my cousin, ignoring my interpo-

"An ordinary brownish beard." "What kind of a looking man was he

without the beard?" "Had a perfectly smooth face. Light

quently, so that he could have had a instruction. Golden.' It was too much. "Do you recognize this description?"

he asked abruptly of Lee. "No. I certainly never saw such a

"My cousin half closed his eyes and futively studied the face of James

"Sure?" he asked "Positive. If I had, I would not hide

the fact. I am as eager to get at the marry her himself."
"Preposterous!" I put in. "I promised
Beatrice that I would have the marspoken of a discovery?" I asked the truth as you are."

hotelkeeper. "No; he seemed to work hard, though. "Firsh would not have time to know at."
"Hold on!" said John Lee. There are tune in it for him."

He said once that he wished to go slow and make a big haul. There was a fortune in it for him."

near my elbow. But it had do not have the said once that he wished to go slow and make a big haul. There was a fortune in it for him."

fuse us. Now let's put these pieces to-gether and see what the patchwork will again. I began to suspect this young man more than ever. That he was concealing something I was positive. "He is gone now, of course," said my

"Yes; he had his trunk and satchels forwarded day before yesterday.'

"To what place?" "Vanderbilt Hotel, Syracuse. was sure that James Lee started again.

"Well, keep mum until you hear from me," said James. "Now we will communicate with the Vanuerone We hurried to the telegraph office dispatch. It was for James wrote a dispatch. It was forwarded. We lighted cigars and loafed around a while.

"It won't take long to get an answer," said James. It did not take long. The machines

began to sing. The operator gravely handed out the reply. "Just as I expected," said James "The luggage marked Thomas Firfin remains unclaimed at the Vanderbilt

By this time all New Hartford knew what was taking place. Men, women and children thronged the streets. James was a big man. He represent

the chief of police. The chief had au-thority only in the city. He depended upon the co-operation of constables in the townships

one end of the county to the other. He tery." when they do have one they never know 'Probably not, or Golden would have how to go to work on it. Yet, so jeal-mentioned it. But that is nothing. He

din'. Where was he stopping?"

fice, we heard a shout from some people land was killed in the same manner as who were lounging near thre hotel we Jake Brand. Forrest seems to have a topping at the New Hartford I... had just left. It was a good thing for penchant for that kind of killing. What the hotel. The bar did well that day. sort of club be uses I cannot imagine."

We looked up the road. The chief "But for heaven's sake why should was coming in a wagon, and trotting complacently behind was James' bay.

"Found him in Bendon's face."

"But for heaven's sake why should Forrest kill Enland."

"He had two reasons. One was

"Found him in Bendon's farm, near venge for testifying against him at the Clinton," said the chief. "Man with trial. The other was running away brown beard walked into Clinton and with his daughter." clue in order to start our search."

"There might be one man—supposing he had come this way, which he did not," suggested my cousin.

"It is a to the bottom of it. Suppose we go down to not," suggested my cousin.

"It is a to the hotel and see what we can dig out graphed to every station on the line."

"It is a to the hotel and see what we can dig out graphed to every station on the line."

"It is a to the hotel and see what we can dig out graphed to every station on the line."

"It is a to the hotel and see what we can dig out graphed to every station on the line." "What did you telegraph?"

bystanders could not hear.

face.

what had been discovered.

The chief then stepped into the tele-The chief then stepped into the tele-graph office and began sending mes-sages. Of course by that the station. It sages. Of course, by that time it was probably too late. The fugitive from justice would not be likely to remain on the train long.

We met the chief at the station. It was a little more than an hour's ride to Syracuse. We were met at that station by Gorden and a Syracuse detective.

We were at once conducted to the house the chief

ames, "but I tell you Forrest has been acced the other way. He went West arcaded the other way. He went West arcaded almost as far west inch chief looked at the floor studied."

When and the prison guard left the same time. A man wearing to make the clue came to an end-mother, answering to fiftee hims. I cannot truthfully and the prison guard is the same time. A man wearing the marked and the clue came to an end-mother, answering to fiftee hims. I cannot truthfully and the properties and the clue came to an end-mother, answering to fiftee hims. I cannot truthfully and the prison guard left was busy with his. I cannot truthfully and the prison guard left was busy with his. I cannot truthfully and the prison guard left was busy with his. I cannot truthfully and the prison guard left was busy with his. I cannot truthfully and the prison guard left was busy with his. I cannot truthfully and the proposition to give my young wife what was about the same age as James Lee or myself. The with each come that he was the mark. Whole is the loved Enland and went that him, he new licease law, which had urned and went that many with him, you shall annul the marriage. At present I adnere to my resolution to give my young wife what the same age as James Lee or myself. The with each of the direction the trio had gone, and the direction the trio had gone, and the civer support she may be in need of."

When through village after village. The was the was to give my young wife what was a perture van busy with his thoughts, as the chief was busy with his thoughts, as the chief was been in your wife what the same age as James Lee or myself. The with each of a secret serie that he loved Enland and went the loved the direction the trio had give with his thoughts as the lead of man."

When I learn from the hips loved the direction the trio had give with his, hound a way with him, you shall annul the marriage. At present I adhere to my with him, son-in-law."

We left the train. In the sation yard we stored at me. "When the and on the forc "Have you had a guest by the name tat the same time. A man wearing the guard's clothes was traced as far as Rome, and the clue came to an end. Another, answering to the description Another, answering to the description are suit of clother with the control of th

ness had he? How did he spend his time? How is it that no one seems to know this man, when as a rule in a village like this everybody knows what is going on?"

"Why—why—Firfin—that is—Firfin did is going on?"

Another night passed, and James re sumed his interrupted duties, but maintained his interest in the Lee case. It and was in and out several times after was in the afternoon that I was sitting that."

in the library, and he entered.

I saw at once that something had happened. He had a look that was al-most one of terror. He plucked a tele-

me, and sank into a chair. came here. The entrance to the r
"Who is it from?" I asked, tremupstairs is through the hallway. 'From Detective Golden to the chief.

with a beard. I opened the dispatch and read:

"Sometimes! Then he used a disuise!"
"Yes, to outwit moonshiners."
"Ever hear of any moonshiners round here?"
"Never. Firfin said it was a great cheme. Had the still in a cave somewhere."
"There isn't a cave big enough to hide a quart bottle of whisky anywhere between here and Paris Hill," said James Lee.
"One could be made in any of the glens," I remarked. "I've discovered the could be made of that sort. There

I let the paper fall to the floor and

"Now this," said James, handing me

another dispatch. "Chief Police, Utica," read this instruing habit in bundle and also letter mak-

It was too much. A mist swam before James Lee started. The action did my eyes. I felt myself going.

"Take a drink of sherry," I heard the voice of James saying, as if it was far away.

I did not know whether I took the had thrown it inside the church. drink or not.

My brain had been numbed and frozen by the new discovery

CHAPTER VIII.

A Staggering Blow. It was the voice of James that called

me to myself. I must have taken the sherry, and perhaps more glasses than

The empty tumbler stood on the table letter.

"Now what?" I asked, as I sank into my seat in the Wagner coach.

James, on the other hand, had pulled window. The chief replied: The empty tumbler stood on the table near my elbow. But it had done me

"You see," he was saying, "you've are going to do next," he said. "It is affair, and not at all such as Beatrice got to brace up and face the truth. a hard question to answer. It seems or any other woman of taste would This idol you have built up in your clear that our end of the case is fin-imagination proves after all to be clay. ished. Enland was undoubtedly the man some way with the flight of Beatrice 1

was but half conscious. The circum- He is wanted for two murders now.' stances were not conducive to calm "Yes, it is certain that the man who judgment. You must drop fancy now killed Brand killed Enland," said the and take up fact."

"I will not believe it. I will not bewould elope with a man whose testi-mony had sent him to prison." killed Enland was the man who killed Brand."

"Oh, well, there is no use arguing "What in thunder is with you. How, then, do you account asked James, staring. for the fact that Enland had her riding for the fact that Enland had her riding "None, perhaps, only in inference. habit, and also the letter which you. You assume that Forrest committed

I shook my head helplessly. I could not account for it. Yet I clung to my belief in the purity of Beatrice. "You see, we are arguing in the dark Incidentally, I have thought about this. There should be a county detective whose authority extended from the whose authority extended from the county to the other. He

"But who do you think Filled this nan?" I asked. man?

line." asked have no time to waste. The chief is go-James, lowering his voice so that the bystanders could not hear.

"To arrest man with brown beard leaving train."

"You won't get him. Our man wears a brown beard, but it is false. When he leaves the train he will go with a smooth face."

I dragged myself to my feet and dressed for the short trip to Syracuse. If my brain had been in a whirl before, it was a perfect tornado of doubts and fears now.

I feared everything, doubted every-

I feared everything, doubted every-The chief stared, and James related thousand assailing suspicions. Under the their then stepped into the telestate the guidance of James I managed to alarm

On the train long.

Considerably excited, James, the chief, and I returned to Utica. James Lee went back to his home at Pawmuc.

"What do you think of James Lee?"

We were at once conducted to the notel on North Salina Street, where the body of Enland still lay undisturbed. The coroner had chosen to hold the inquest on the spot. "What do you think of James Lee?" quest on the spot.

James studied a moment.

"I'd like to know the truth about one was justly described in Golden's telegram. It was one of those products of thing," he said, without giving me and

shot Parson Lee. But the day passed hired a room. He had stated that he come to his hotel the day before and might want it for a week or two.

"Have you seen or have you known anyone who saw a woman with this man?" asked the coroner.

"Did he have anyone with him at any

"None that I saw. I do not know. gram from his pocket and threw it at in fact, if I saw him every time he came here. The entrance to the rooms one is subject to supervision who en-

"Then, an assassin could creep upstairs and attack a man in his room, and leave again without being seen?' "He might do that, of course. If a noise was heard it would lead to an

"But in this case there was no noise. therefore no investigation." "No one in the hotel heard any noise One of the room men found the body

and reported to me."
"What is a room man?" "A man in the place of a chambermaid. I employ no women here."

"But you accept women for guests."
"Yes, if they appear respectable." "How many rooms have you occupied

"Ten."

It developed at the inquest that En- his manner to arouse suspicion. it not have been a mad scheme of his blue eyes. There was a peculiar white to rid his daughter of a husband she did mark under one ear. He shaved frecause he kept bad company. His means being small, he lived wherever he could. That was about all we discovered. The riding-habit was done up in a bundle and tied with a cord. I looked at

> The coroner's jury returned a verdict away. that Ellis Enland came to his death at the hands of some person unknown. the temple was all to show that he had guide. been struck.

But the twelve good men and true were all satisfied with themselves, and so was the coroner. We had to be. We returned to Utica on a later train, carrying with us the riding-habit and the

The girl did go with Firfin, who turns out to be Ellis Enland. I cannot understand it myself. She must have been lost to all sense of decency to elope with a witness against her father."

lost to all states.

a witness against her father."

"It's a lie!" I said, vehemently. "I in Syracuse, and is the business of the police of that city. However, we shall them what assistance we can. You The smile of pity that came on my give them what assistance we can. You see, our chase for Lee's assailant is "You are beside yourself," he said. ended. We've found him, and as he is You are not able to think. What do dead, there is nothing more to be done. you know about her nobility or purity? "You are a little ahead there, chief," You saw her only once, and then she said James. "Forrest must be found. "Yes, it is certain that the man who

chief. "Suppose," I suggested, "we argue lieve that a girl who loved her father from the other end. The man who

"What in thunder is the difference?"

James was a big man. He represents according to your own statement, gave both crimes. I hold that you have no her in the church?" James shrugged his shoulders "I suppose you will be saying next that Beatrice did not go with Enland."

"I say this: I shall not condemn her tial evidence. I would not. I still beshould be a man trained in criminal ways. These county constables have a big case only once in a lifetime, and when they do have one they never know.

"The telegrams said nothing about a lieve that Beatrice accompanied her revolver." I interposed. "Was one found on Enland?"

Both my companions shock their heads.

"Where did Enland get the letter and riding-habit?" "By the way, it's a most interesting speculation where Beatrice is now, and what she is wearing," said James.

I shuddered. The same thing had occurred to me. "It is possible," said the chief, "that Forrest, in his rage at finding them together, killed both.' We were all silent after that until

the train began rumbling into the sta-"But I have not found out what you are going to do next," I said. "Wait," said the chief. "The officers are out after Forrest, and we cannot hurry that matter. The Lee case is closed. The would-be assassin is dead.

There is nothing to do,"
"But I want to find Beatrice." "That's a different matter. If you wish to make a charge against her, I will send out an alarm. Or, if you wish, as her husband, to charge someone with spiriting her away, I will send out an alarm."

"Oh, damn your alarms," I said tes-tily. "You have been sending out alarms enough to make the wires hot. And what have they amounted to? A servant in a Raines law hotel found the man you wanted. All the officers in the State are after Forres and his friendly guard, and what have they accomplished? I'll do the rest of my busi-

ness myself." The chief shrugged his shoulders, but looked relieved. James frowned. "Then, you will not give this to us? You will not allow me to have the mar-

"When I learn from the ips of Beatrice that she loved Enland and went

Possibly, said James. "Now, what ing has been traced almost as far west about this First? Who is he? How as Chautauqua."

The coroner's inquest was a perfunctory and unsatisfactory affair. The first and work with the tactics of a thief to witness examined was the proprietor of win her?"

A sudden light broke over me. "I heard James Lee say in the church that he loved Beatrice," I suggested
"Perhaps there was had blood between Perhaps there was bad blood between James Lee and Beatrice.

"Between James Lee and Enland, you "Perhaps both. Might it not be sible that Enland fired thinking to kill James Lee for some former injury.' That opens the whole case again,

and it is closed by Enland's death," said James. "I don't think it is closed. I think the murder of Enland is merely the ending of a thrilling chapter. Where was James Lee all day?"

"Out hunting for the would-be assassin of his father.' "Just so. And, having found him in Enland, he killed him." "Nonsense. I might think that, if Forrest had not killed Brand in the

"And you had only James Lce's testiny as to that." The chief began to whistle

'I will look up Lee," he said. We separated, and that night James slept like a wooden-headed idiot, while Living alone in empty barn!" walked the floor most of the night. Early in the morning I had my breakfast with James. We were not particu-

larly sociable. "What is your program today?" he asked. "Oh." I said, "the same old thing.

I'd like to have the bay." "Why, he is yours. But for Heaven's sake, don't get married again. I am gray now over your escapade."

I was glad to get ride of James. I

Then there was a lot of time was a lot of time was in getting at the identity and records of the several guests. None of these that he was not doing well. He was of the was not doing well. He was still in a stupor and the nurse still in a stupor and the nurse Then there was a lot of time wasted had the bay saddled and started out. I rode first to Parson Lee's and found pointed to a clue.

Other witnesses were examined—the bestender the room man who found the that he would die without furment of torture. "Latter search discovers that Ellis Enland had lady's ridin first,

body, and the doctor who was called the consciousness. James Lee was at home, and I could not see anything in

the letter, and identified it as the one it was strange I could not say. It was I had given Beatrice after John Lee a natural remark to be made by a man

at the hands of some person unknown.

I failed even to see how they got that called me there. I know simply that I much out of it. A slight red mark on was like a blind man groping for a

woman's complete outfit.

"I suppose you mean to ask what we I held up the gown. It was a cheap

By SEWARD W. HOPK

did not doubt.

I picked up the whole lot and rode back to Lee's with it. This time 1 went to the big house, where I saw 'You are not content of the afair in the light of the light of the afair in the light of the John Lee sauntering on the veranda. He looked up in surprise when he saw

dumping the clothing on the veranda. "Good God! Where did you get "Good God! Wher these?" he exclaimed.

"In one of the old houses at the milh. Do you recognize them?"
"Why, yes," he said. "They belong
to Norah, the colored maid of my niece.

She was missing the same night Bea-trice went away." I began to get excited. "Where did this Norah belong? In Utica?"

"No. I believe her home was in Syra-I had another chill. Thanking Lee, I went back to the mill. I rummaged around considerably, but found nothing more.

The ground around the mills was a sandy loam easily impressed with a footprint where the grass was not to thick. I searched about for the footprints of the colored woman, for I knew that she, at least, had been there. At last, near the almost dried up stream, I found the print of a heel. It

was that of a man's boot. Eagerly I looked further I found where some one had jumped across the soft, wet bed of the tiny rivulet. I examined the marks.

It appeared to me that there were more prints than one man would make. Yet there was nothing like the print of a small shoe such as Beatrice would wear. Evidently more men than one had been there. Not one of them might be connected with the flight,

But I persevered. I mounted the bay But I persevered. I mounted the bay and rode a short distance, when I dismounted and found several other footprints. In this way I went on till I reached small hamlet of three or four farm

that. I inquired at each house for information. Not one of the farmers had even heard of the tragedy at Lee's. But myself in Parson Lee's case." they knew Beatrice Forrest had been married and run away.

married and run away.

I asked in vain, till at last I struck a hired man who was somewhat given to visiting a hired girl on a farm some distance away. He listened patiently while I told him who and what I was after.

"I ain't seen no women, black or white," he said, "but a couple or three nights ago I remember I was daown to see my—a friend. I rode cid Kate, the black mare yonder. I came joggin' home bout I o'clock an' passed three men. I remember naow that one was a little feller—only a boy. An' one was a nigger. Yep, an' the other one had a beard."

I was quivering with excitement. Without doubt the boy was Beatrice, the negro, Norah. But was the man with a beard Bob Forrest or Ellis Enland? Enland was killed in Syracuse. Norah lived there.

Would I ever see light?

I ascertained the direction the troe.

"Oh, that:" said James, in disgust. "No; this is bona fide murder. At least, I assume so. I do not know what excuse Forrest gave. I don't know that I care. I have enough to do in this county without mixing up in Syracuse musters."

"Well, I am going to Auburn."

James knew that argument would not dissaude me, and I hastily ate my. James knew that argument would not dissaude me, and I hastily ate my. James knew that argument would not dissaude me, and I hastily ate my. James knew that argument would not dissaude me, and I hastily ate my. James knew that argument would not dissaude me, and I hastily ate my. James knew that argument would not dissaude me, and I hastily ate my. James knew that argument would not dissaude me, and I hastily ate my. James knew that argument would not dissaude me, and I hastily ate my. James knew that argument would not dissaude me, and I hastily ate my. James knew that argument would not dissaude me, and I hastily ate my. James knew that argument would not dissaude me, and I hastily ate my. James knew that argument would not dissaude me, and I hastily ate my. James knew that argument would not dissaude me, and I hastily ate my. James knew that argument would not dissaude me, and I

I picked up the paper:

"The escaped murderer recaptured!
Bob Forrest arrested near Syracuse!
Living alone in empty barn!"

I dropped the newspaper, and, half dazed, with trembling fingers took up
the telegroup. I picked up the paper:

the telegram. The bluish gray envelope held two in stead of one. The first was simple enough. It ran: 'James Stagg, Utica, New York:

"Forrest retaken near Syracuse Brought back to prison." (CARTER." I did not know who Carter was. Prob ably some prison official or police officer of Syracuse. The other telegram was evidently in reply to one James had

one I found some clothing. It was a me with a superior smile of triumph, which I professed not to notice.

"I saw your papers and telegrams," I

"Yes? You look worn out, old boy, in You must stop this nonsense. What do you think of the afair now?"
"I scarcely know what to think until

"You are not contemplating that, surely? What good will it do?" "It may do considerable. In the first place, it may lead to finding Beatrice. In the first "Whose truck is that?" I asked, It will at least set my mind at rest. If Forrest says she did not leave Pawniuc Church with him, I will know she left

in Enland's company." "And then, of course, you will drop the search.' "Not necessarily drop the search. I

will, of course, lose my faith in the girl. But Enland is dead, and I shall then think it my duty to find Beatrice, and place her where her youth will not prove a snare. Then I shall have the marriage annulled, always, however, looking out for her welfare. "I wish you would not see Forrest."

"I am sorry to appear obstinate. You do not look at the subject in the same light that I do. I see a duty that has been imposed upon me without seeking. Moreover, I wish to have a talk with Forrest about his own affairs. I am not certain that he killed Enland while you law sharps are convinced I suppose, that he committed this second crime. You convicted him on san evidence before. I suppose now it will need very little evidence of any kind." James laughed and shrugged shoulders.

"It is not a question of evidence this time," he said. "The man has con-"Eh!" I stammered. fessed that he killed Ellis Enland?

"Yes. The chief received that information early this morning and telphoned me at once. Of course, it is none of my business. It is a Syracuse affair."

knew that James, hard and prejudiced as he could be, was truthful.

"If it is not your affair, it is still mine," I said. "I shall not take up the cudgels to defend Forrest if he has houses grouped more closely together the cudgels to defend Forrest if he has than was the rule. I believe the local really killed a man. But what were name was Graffenburg, or something like the circumstances? Was it a deliberate murder for the sake of the revenge? Or was it self-defense? You know you

"Oh, that!" said James, in disgust. "No; this is bona fide murder. At

day to Richfield Springs by train and taking up the search there without anything to hamper my movements, I would go, and go, and go, till I found. would go, and go, and go, till I found—something.

So I fed the bay and had supper myself at a hotel, and started homeward. It was almost morning when I arrived. The bay, powerful and enduring as he was, was stiffened with his long journey, and I was as bad.

One of the grooms was waiting up.

It would giease me if the official present could be yourself."

He bowed, "I thank you," he said simply.

ney, and I was as bad.

One of the grooms was waiting up, and for his loss of sleep I silpped a five dollar bill in his hand.

"Any luck, sir?" he asked.

"Some," I answered.

I went into the house. James and the servants were, of course, in bed. I knew that James always had sherry in the library, and I went in there to get a glass.

On the table lay an evening paper of Utica, spread open, with the scare head itile of an article staring up at me.
On the paper I saw a telegram. I shuddered. The sight of one of these devillsh little papers now gave me the horrors.

I picked up the paper:

ficial present could be youngen.

He bowed, "I thank you," he said sime ply.

He conducted me through gruesome corridors, keepers unlocking doors before us and locking them again where we had passed through.

"This is the cell, 'he said.

It was well lighted and well aired. I had read a good deal about this prison about its splendid management, its discipline, its methods of employing the wille of the inmates. I sat thinking while the warden was gone. He returned accompanied by a prisoner.

I knew the man was Forrest as soor as I seleyes on him. Notwithstanding that he was now dull and apathetic, and had, instead of the false beard I had seen before a smooth shaven and palid face, and a general air of resignation to the inevitable, he reminded me of Boatrice.

He bowed. "I thank you." he said sime ply.

He conducted me through gruesome corridors, keepers unlocking doors before us and looking theory and looking theory and looking theory and looking theory and looking doors before us and looking theory and looking doors before us and looking theory and looking theory and looking theory and looking doors before us and looking theory and looking theory

Beatrice."

His face changed instantly. A look as of spiritual or moral hunger, came upon it.

"Are you that man?" he said eagerly. Then his expression changed. "You are Stagg's cousin," he added.

"I am," I said, "but I have come to you as a friend. As you know, I was married at the pistol's point to you daughter, never having enjoyed meeting her before."

"I know," he said wearily. "The Lees thought you were Enland."

"Firfin," I corrected.

"It's all the same. Enland was Firfin."

I rode first to Parson Lee's and found that he was not doing well. He was still in a stupor and the nurse Fulford had sent up believed that he would die without further consciousness. James Lee was at home, and I could not see anything in his manner to arouse suspicion.

He asked me about Enland, and gave him the history of the inquest.

"The secondrel!" he said, bitterly, "He has got Beatrice hidden away somewhere."

As I rode on farther I thought this remark strange, but in just what light it was strange I could not say. It was a natural remark to be made by a many who belleved Enland had taken Beatrice away.

I next visited the old ruins of Pawmuc Mills. I don't know just what called me there. I know simply that I was like a blind man groping for a guide.

I next visited a blind man groping for a guide.

I left the bay and proveled among the faller walls of the mill, but found nothing. I next went into a small shanty that had formerly been the home of a mill operative. The door was pushed in.

I wandered from room to location.

I wandered from room to location on the location of I loud some cotching. It was a woman's complete outfit.

I wandered from room to location on the loud some cotching. It was a woman's complete outfit.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)